



*Man's but a shadow, and a Picture is
That shadow's shadow, yet don't judge amiss.
Though here you onely on the shadow look
What followes read. The Substance is i'th' book.*

An ELEGY

On his much Honoured and now Lamented Friend, **JOHN COLLINGS, D. D.**
Who Departed this Life the 18th. of January, 1690. in the 67th. Year of his Age.

IS famous Collings dead? if that I durst,
(Then cry'd my Muse) I fain would be the first
That brings her Mite, to Offer at the Shrine
Of so renown'd a Prophet and Divine.

Stay forward Muse (quoth I) whither so fast?
Learn thou to know, thy Place is to come last.
What is the Reason others are so slow?
But that too great a Task it is they know
To Parentate upon so great a Man,
Unless he had bequeath'd them his own Pen,
Thy worthless Scriblings then must not be shown
In any place, save where he was not known.

My Muse rejoyn'd, all this I own and more,
But my Respect turns Reason out of door;
A Dwarf-like Statue therefore though I raise,
I'll Consecrate it to this Gyants Praise;
Stores of Materials, those too of the best,
I may be furnisht with from his own Brest,
In which a Congress of all Gifts were found,
Where Learning, Grace and Prudence did abound,
And who indeed, hath always more than He,
Been celebrated by us for all Three?

A Pyle of Volumes too, of choicest kind,
(Those sacred Reliques which he left behind)
Do constitute a Pillar all alone,
Of greater firmness than of Brasse or Stone,

Where he stands Pourtray'd (by himself) to th' Life,
While Nature, Art and Grace, do seem at strife,
Which of the Three should claim the greatest share,
In such a Composition, truly Rare.

Here then we may Consult Him when we will,
And please our selves with his sweet Converse still;
But him must leave (Blest Soul) unto that Traffick,
That purely is Cherubick and Seraphick,
Who serv'd God in his Generation here,
And now the Promise doth inherit there;
Where Saints and Angels Day and Night improve,
Their glorious time in mutual Joy and Love.

But when thou went'st to Heav'n, O wilt thou tell,
(If thou didst drop thy Mantle) where it fell?
Happy those younger Prophets sure must be
That happen on it for their Legacy.

But here my Sorrow suffocates my Pen,
And would do me too, but I think agen,
This Burning Light that in a Cloud is set,
Most gloriously in due time out will get,
When those shall shine in Heaven like the Sun,
Who many Souls to Righteousness do turn.

Sic, O sic, Juvat Vivere, sic Perire.

If I might have my longing wish, then I
Should choose both thus to Live and thus to Dye.